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Privately Printed Opuscula
Issued to the Members of the Sette of
Odd Volumes.


—
No. XIX.
—

Repeats and Plagiarisms in Art, 1888.

— BY —

JAMES ORROCK, R.I.,
Connoisseur to De Sette of Odd Volumes.





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REPEATS AND PLAGIARISMS IN
ART, 1888. By JAMES ORROCK, R.I.,
Connoisseur to y^e Sette of Odd
Volumes. Read before the Sette
at Willis's Rooms, St. James's, on
Friday, January 4, 1889.



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704
On 7/12

Non ego ventosæ plebis suffragia venor.—HORACE.

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No.

Presented unto

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By

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Gen. Res. Eng.



List of Pictures Exhibited.



Fisherman's Coast - GEORGE MORLAND.

(Repeat.)

White Monk - - RICHARD WILSON, R.A.

(Repeat.)

Pastoral - - DAVID COX.

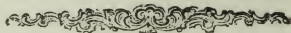
(Repeat.)

English Landscape - DAVID COX.

(Plagiarism from John Varley.)

Dedham Lock - - JOHN CONSTABLE, R.A.

(One of many Repeats.)





ON

Repeats and Plagiarisms in Art.



YOUR ODDSHIP AND GENTLEMEN.

IT is not my purpose in this short paper to attempt to enter the wide field of ancient Art, but for the sake of argument simply to confine my remarks to that branch of Art which comes readiest to one's hand, viz.,—the English Art, which will prove all I wish to advance.

2 *Repeats and Plagiarisms in Art.*

“ Who steals my purse steals trash ; 'tis something, nothing,
'Twas mine, 'tis his, and has been slave to thousands ;
But he that filches from me my good name
Robs me of that which not enriches him and
makes me poor indeed.”

The world's verdict for the artist who is guilty of repeating his own work, and for him who steals the brains of other artists, is that he is guilty of grave misdemeanours, and is no longer worthy to belong to the brotherhood. Great however as these crimes seem to be it is startling to find they were practised by some of the best masters ; practised largely in fact by *many* of the great masters ! I will, with your permission, first discuss the crime of repetition which is so abhorred by the art-loving public. In the *strict* sense of the term to avoid repetition means that the modes of arrangement, as to masses, lines, and effects, should in every picture be

different. Now it is notorious that certain great and fixed laws in picture making have always been acknowledged, and Burnet in his works has clearly laid those laws before his readers. He has done this, not from his own knowledge and taste, but from illustrations taken from the works of the first masters,—from Titian, Tintoret, Veronese, Rembrandt, Velasquez, and others. These rules or repeats of artistic design and arrangement are frequently, in these times, called conventional, and strong measures by several leading painters have been adopted in the opposite, so called *realistic* style of painting. In past times, after the laws in composition of masses, colour and so forth had been admitted, the individuality or personality of the painter was of course added, and according to the force of this individuality the rank of the painter was fixed. This mannerism is as marked as a tone of voice or a man's handwriting, and its recurrence is always

perfectly distinct and obvious to the seeing critic. The style is called Rembrandtesque, 'Turneresque, and so forth. To the keen observer a master is known more by his chords of colour than perhaps by any other feature, and when the "touch" is added the work is pronounced to be genuine.

In these deep and essential points therefore an artist may be said to repeat himself.

I am, however, well aware that this is not what is meant by repetition in the ordinary sense; what is meant is painting the same subject and with the same effect again and again. Strictly speaking, however, no artist ever did this, for he can more easily and freely paint a repeat, especially if it be a landscape, in a general way than he can make a slavish copy. This he absolutely cannot do, altho' from his own work, and if any one will take the trouble to examine a repeat, say by Wilson or Constable, he will find alterations, and often in important

features. This may be called a free translation of his own creation. A servile copy by a mechanic would be more slavishly correct, but the colour and touch and handling would be muffled and woolly. It may perhaps surprise those not deeply versed in such matters to know, that many of the best painters made repeats of their works. I know for instance of two finished and gem-like drawings by Turner, of Berwick-on-Tweed, for the Scott series; one I saw at the house of the late Mr. Lessels, an architect at Edinburgh; the other was sold at the Monro Sale at Christie's. I have heard of a third! I have seen three pictures by Morland of the "Fisherman's Toast," six of Richard Wilson's "White Monk," four of the "Falls of Terni," and four of the large picture called "Hadrian's Villa." There is one in the National Gallery. I have the honor of possessing a second, and there are two more which belong to personal friends of mine.

In the recent Glasgow Exhibition there was a picture belonging to Mr. Donald, called "The Evil Eye," by John Phillip, and my late friend, Mr. Stuart Smith, bequeathed its repeat to the Stirling Smith Institute, where it now is. Those pictures seem to be the same size, and I hear there is a third a good deal larger.

Of all repeaters, however, Constable, the pet landscape painter of the English School, must surely be the greatest. I wonder how many Dedham Locks and Dedham Vales there are of all sizes? The Diploma Gallery in Burlington House has one of Dedham Lock, Mr. Morrison has another, and I know of several besides of various sizes. I dare say, like Wilson's "White Monk," with searching and burrowing a dozen or perhaps even a score could be unearthed. There are of course also many copies done no doubt from the engravings; and it is amusing to see the genuine pictures denounced even by

those who ought to be better judges ! All the real ones however are slightly different, and sometimes markedly so. Rembrandt, Cuyp, Reynolds, Gainsborough, Etty, Wilkie, Cox, Fielding, and a host of others, including Velasquez himself, made repeats, but always freely translated. It is a sad pity that Titian did not make a replica of his "Peter Martyr," and the world would have been consoled for the loss of that masterpiece. I contend that repeats of fine pictures should be encouraged, not denounced, so as to have a reserve in case of accident. Repetition then, when the work is worthy, is no crime, but much the reverse, and if it be a sign of weakness, the greatest of the masters indulged in it.

In these prolific times artists should be sparing however of this practice, and none but repeats from the most gifted should be tolerated. In every generation, no matter how large the number of painters, there can only be, as with poets and other men of

genius, a very limited number whose works will live. It has invariably happened, particularly among landscape painters, that the best talent has suffered neglect, and the marvel is how at last it has struggled through the mass of ignorance and prejudice.

It is often said that art *now* is much more appreciated than at any time during the century. There are certainly more babblers about it, and myriads who practise it, but it is only more *fashionable*, especially since Professor Ruskin gave it a place in literature. The true men always studied it and looked out for it, as they do now, but the masses never were capable of studying it and never will be. The true men are still with us, but they are often hemmed in and shouted down by the great sensational crowd by whom in these days they are surrounded! Fine art is never so well appreciated as when great men are living in clusters; for they instinctively

work together on the same lines, as do also the little men when their day arrives.

England, like the Venetians and Dutch, has had the great painters in clusters, and the public one day will believe it when the lump of ignorance is leavened by those who know. Of course when familiar names are mentioned and works shown, everybody bows and admires, but as a rule they know not what they are looking at. Turner and Constable they are sure were great men, but their knowledge stops here unless it may be they know something of their personal history, which is so constantly introduced in place of knowledge of the art itself. Carlyle takes the liberty to "deny altogether the Frenchman's criticism that no man is a Hero to his valet de chambre, or if so, it is not the Hero's blame, but the valet's; for the valet does not know a Hero when he sees him! Alas no: it requires a kind of Hero to do that." Just so, it requires a kind of Hero to know the

works of such masters as I speak of. I firmly believe, in spite of all this furore for art, with these congresses and councils, and all the rest of it, that there are not a hundred men in these islands whose judgment is reliable on the true merits of the works of those subtle masters, and I as firmly believe that there are not fifty in London who could tell the merits of a Constable, Crome or Cotman without the aid of what is called a pedigree. How then is such art as that, supposing it to be present among us *now*, to be recognised? Those judges practical and otherwise must as before leaven the lump with the same obstacles before them. One of those English masters told me some years ago, that he was certain there were as few good judges as there were good artists. I will prove to you from personal experience the process of leavening and raising a master from the ditch. About twenty years ago I happened to be in Birmingham, and I called, as was my habit

when I went there, on my old and valued friend the late Mr. William Hall, the same who was David Cox's intimate friend, and wrote his life. Hall was himself an artist and connoisseur, and frequently accompanied Cox on his sketching expeditions. It happened he had a beautiful picture in oil by his favourite artist to clean and get ready for sale; for the owner wished to part with it and others. I expressed my delight with the picture, and said I should like to possess it. He astonished me, however, with the price: for he had already told me of the small sum Cox had for painting such a work. I think he asked 350 guineas for this little picture—in size about 18 by 24. It was a gem certainly, and called "Peace and War." Hall told me he saw Cox painting it; he began it one afternoon and finished it next morning; having covered it during the night with a damp cloth to keep the painting "wet," for Cox always tried to paint his oil pictures as

far as he could by the "first intention," which is painting at once, without scumbling and glazing, to keep the tints pure and unsullied. The price frightened me; although Hall predicted that one day it would be much more valuable, and I should most likely never again have so fine a specimen offered to me.

Hall in a few days shewed it to the late Mr. Gillott, who bought it. Mr. Gillott some time afterwards shewed it to me with many other Coxes in his galleries, and said he was glad I had not taken it. What however I wish to make clear is this; it needed a Gillott with millions to place Cox on a pedestal. Cox of course always had many admirers among the masses, although truly the number comparatively was small. I had the honour of being one of them, and possessed then, as I do now, a number of his lovely drawings in water colours and several pictures in oil. At the time I bought Cox's

pictures the prices were very modest; fifteen or twenty pounds being a fair price for his oil pictures. Had the "Peace and War" been double or even treble what I had been accustomed to pay I would gladly have given it. The Gillott port however was now opened, and, as was his wont, he "plunged" and bought largely. Previously to about this time, Hall said, Gillott did not like Cox's works, "for they lacked atmosphere," and he therefore never bought them. The fact, however, is plainly this, the *dollars* must be in front of the judges, who generally have no dollars to spare. The artist's work then, and not till then, come into fashion, and with a rush. At the Gillott sale, a few years after this, the little "Peace and War," after an exciting competition, was knocked down at Christie's for as many thousands as Hall asked hundreds. It rose at those two periods with more than an additional cipher added each time to Cox's first price. At page 54 of

Hall's "Life of Cox" we find the following about the "Peace and War," or the "Lancaster Castle," as it was sometimes called: "It was originally presented by the artist to an old friend, who fell in love with it. This gentleman kept it in his possession several years until he had forgotten how he came by it, or, at all events, until one day he was hard pressed for money, and meditated selling the picture. Meeting the artist accidentally, he said, 'Mr. Cox, I've got a picture of your painting; I am short of money at this time, should you mind if I sold "Lancaster Castle."' 'Oh, not at all,' replied Cox; 'sell it to me; if you remember I gave it to you.' This took the owner somewhat aback; but the end of it was that Cox purchased his own present from his friend, and gave the sum of twenty pounds. He afterwards sold it for the same price." At Gillott's sale it fetched £3,601. This is the highest sum ever paid I believe for a landscape of that

size in oil. I could give many more similar experiences. Some artists would sneer and say—commercial gambling! perhaps so. I think, for one, that element probably was not absent; but the startling novelty was this: here was an *oil* picture by a *water-colour* artist, who was pooh-poohed as no painter at all in oil, like Holland, Dewint, Fielding, and George Barret, all water-colour painters, but nothing more! It may however surprise some of my audience when I say that *now* at the exhibitions of gems by deceased masters, at Burlington House and everywhere else, the scoffed-at works of those humble painters in *water-colours* command places of *honour*! This cannot be fashion, for the councils at those exhibitions throughout the country are largely composed of artists and connoisseurs. Surely this would not happen *now*, when all the world is up and doing? It *does* happen now, and George Dodgson and John Burge, who were both personal friends of

mine, are examples. They were only water-colour painters like those named it is true, and members of the "Old Society." Their drawings to-day go begging. Dodgson was as elegant in his art as Watteau, and Burgess had no superior as an architectural artist.

The pronounced individuality of those men most likely, as usual, kept them in the background. It would be invidious to name living men whose works will be added to the English classic list; but some exist, and the same discerners who foretold the places of the others, thirty years ago, may be safely trusted to predict the same for the few who live to-day. Among that number the water-colour men will *again* have their full share! As a rule we have too much science mixed up with art in these days. A true painter's work is not like a scientific diagram of nature's varied features, but an artistic ideal or impression suggested by nature; as in the best designs in colour and form, which really

are never direct copies of natural objects. Multitudes now know from books and the study of nature infinitely more of the varied effects in clouds, sea, and land, than all the old masters, including our own Turner and the rest. We never see in the works of those masters seas, skies, trees, rocks, &c., so real as what are so constantly exhibited now-a-days. We have few pictures as to grand ideal *artistic* composition for instance, suggested by nature, but studies of all sizes and kinds as seen through a pane of glass, such as Alma Tadema meant when at the Liverpool Congress he stated that he did not see why people should go to foreign schools to learn to paint sand with a bit of glass and a figure in the foreground. This is no doubt why the old art is often term "exploded art," and why the new era is hailed as the opening of day! Turner and his brethren painted we know artistic impression pictures, with light and tone and gradation of distance,

conventional composition, as it is now often called, but the whole work clothed in tone and harmonious colour. If the new school is right the old must be wrong; for plainly they do not belong in any way to the same brotherhood.

Reynolds, Gainsborough, and lately Romney have become a furious fashion, deservedly so it may be. Why not Raeburn and Etty? Raeburn has painted finer portraits, male and female, than Romney, and Etty's magnificent pictures in the Edinburgh Gallery alone, answer for him! In that gallery you may also see Raeburn at his best. But those great men of Turner's and Reynolds's brotherhood, with Richard Wilson and others who are at present neglected, are in the lifeboat of art! They will disappear for a time in the trough of the sea of fashion, but will assuredly re-appear again and again on the crest of the wave of fame. The ordinary artists whose patron is the successful citizen,

like an annual, bloom only for a season, but the masters never die.

In the words of Sir Joshua Reynolds, "The works of those who have stood the test of ages have a claim to that respect and veneration to which no modern can pretend." I have digressed, for which I apologize ; but as in a post-prandial speech with your indulgence, I have embraced an opportunity.

Plagiarisms.

What punishment is there severe enough for an artist who steals the brains of his fellow-artist ?

To be a plagiarist is by the multitude considered mean and dishonourable. Such an offender is scouted by his fellows. In art, however, no sin is so common, and it has been practised by most of the great masters. Even Velasquez himself, although isolated, borrowed ideas, and after his visit to Italy

even imitated occasionally the styles and modes of work, as far as he could, of Titian, Veronese and other Venetian masters. Two winters ago there was a Velasquez in the manner of the Venetians in the old masters' exhibition at Burlington House, and its stamp was so Venetian that numbers of artists, and even some experts, challenged its genuineness. Vandyke was occasionally so like Rubens that several of his pictures are disputed. Continually we have battles about the authenticity of a picture, one set of experts declaring for one master and *vice versâ*. There was lately added to the National Gallery a picture, I think from the Hamilton sale, which was sold as Giorgione. It is now called of the Venetian school; but the best experts call it Titian—subject: "Venus and Adonis." The Dutch masters are constantly being mixed up, and indeed all great and true painters have a family likeness; and when we see the reverse, those painters are generally

inharmonious and puerile in technique. In a word they may be what is termed original, but they do not belong to the brotherhood.

Of all nations the English have perhaps been the greatest plagiarists in art. This must be a compliment, nay, a merit, for our school was founded, in the broad sense, on those of the Venetians and the Flemish and Dutch. We have been a nation of colourists, and therefore true painters, which accounts for our imitating the best of the old masters, and adding to the imitation our own national individualities.

Emerson in his essay on Shakespeare says, "Great men are more distinguished by range and extent than by originality. If we require the originality which consists in weaving like a spider, their web from their own bowels; in finding clay and making bricks and building the house, no great man is original. Nor does valuable originality consist in *unlikeness* to other men. The greatest genius

is the most indebted man." Again, he says, "It has come to be practically a sort of rule in literature, that a man having once shewn himself capable of original writing, is entitled thenceforth to *steal* from the writings of others at discretion. Thought is the property of him who can adequately place it. A certain awkwardness marks the use of borrowed thoughts ; but as soon as we have learned what to do with them they become our own. Thus all originality is *relative*. Every thinker is retrospective." He tells us that Shakespeare himself was a borrower—his words are, "In point of fact it appears that Shakespeare did owe debts in all directions, and was able to use whatever he found." He says, "Malone states that out of 6·043 lines in the first, second, and third parts of Henry VI., 1·771 were written by others preceding Shakespeare, 2·373 by him on the foundation laid by his predecessors, and 1·899 were entirely his own, and the preceding

investigation hardly leaves a single drama of his absolute invention."

There is no choice to genius—a great man does not wake up on some fine morning and say, "I am full of life, I will go to sea and find an antarctic continent, to-day I will square the circle : I will ransack botany and find a new food for man : I have a new architecture in my mind : I foresee a new mechanic power ; no, every master finds his materials collected and his power lies in his sympathy with his people and in the love of the materials he wrought in. What an economy of power ! and what a compensation for the shortness of life ! All is done to his hand."

So also Russell Lowell in his essay on Dryden remarks, "He is always imitating—no, that is not the word—always emulating somebody in his more strictly poetical attempts, for in that direction he always needed some external impulse to set his mind

in motion. This is more or less true of all authors ; nor does it detract from their originality, which depends wholly on their being able so far to forget themselves as to let something of themselves slip into what they write." "Writers who have no past are pretty sure of having no future." "Dryden certainly gave even a liberal interpretation to Moliere's rule of taking his own property wherever he found it, though he sometimes blundered awkwardly about what was properly *his* ; but in literature, it should be remembered, a thing always becomes his at last who says it best, and then makes it his own." So it is also with the great painters.

The great English painters borrowed and appropriated what was best from the ancestral branches of the grand family and thus founded our great English school. Of all men, Turner, like Shakespeare, added to his borrowing the greatest degree of individuality, it being most marked and his range the most

extended. Turner imitated and more than rivalled, Claude, Gaspar Poussin, Vander-elatt, Cuyp, and our own Wilson and De Loutherbourg. His water-colour drawings were, however, more individual than his oil pictures, for although he practised all up to Cozens and Girtin, he reached a region far beyond the ken of any one. As to Cox, Dewint, Crome, Cotman, and others, they too had the family features, for in many cases, in their early work at least, it is difficult to tell the real painters. At the Burlington Arts Club in Savile Row, there is at present an exhibition of water-colour drawings by Cotman. Among them will be seen plagiarisms from Turner's "*Liber Studiorum*," and oddly enough, not only plagiarisms but a repeat of the plagiarisms.

Now-a-days we have art congresses and multitudes of school of art teachers, and as a result we have of course a vast army of artists, many of whom, as I before said,

think and say the old art is exploded and the new is the heaven-born era. We hear of "values" and "technique" and "truths" never before depicted. One fancies somehow that the greatest "value" after all is the existence of the born painters. It seems odd that all the old art should be worthless! for it must plainly be an exception to the art of sculpture, architecture, etching, engraving, artistic designs of all kinds in wood, metals, fabrics and ceramic wares. Ancient literature, too, is as rich and golden as ever, and yet this art of painting, now we have such a huge and rejoicing crop of artists, alone claims a new and original standpoint. I have personally heard some modern men say that were all the old masters sunk in mid ocean the world of art would be benefited! A few weeks ago at the meeting of the Art Congress at Liverpool, many amusing and instructive discussions took place. The President of the R.A. spoke highly of French

art and taste, but he was opposed by a prominent R.A., himself a foreigner. One of the celebrities outside the charmed circle denounced the system of teaching at the Royal Academy, which was again combated by one of the body. Mr. Holman Hunt said, after denouncing the system of art instruction at the Royal Academy and South Kensington Schools, "the most excellent system was that pursued by the old masters who had their students in their own studios." He allowed that much valuable instruction might be given by the English painters of the Royal Academy, but the drawback was that "he had the impression that the really desirable masters generally deputed a substitute glad of a guinea to act for him." The system of teaching by English masters in their own studios, and at the houses of their pupils, was however extensively practised a quarter of a century ago, and for the humble fee of one guinea, the present charge, according to Mr.

Holman Hunt, for the *deputy* at the Royal Academy ! It is true they were only for the most part water-colour painters. Their names were Turner in early years, Cozens, Varley, Dewint, Fielding, Barret, and others. Old Crome of Norwich, too, in his high-wheeled gig, drove about giving lessons, and for less than the Royal Academy Deputy's fee. Perhaps those painters would not be counted as worthy to instruct now-a-days, but their works both in oil and water-colour have reached the high places and will probably remain there ! However, there can be no doubt that the only real teacher must be he who can himself paint ; as the best instructor on any musical instrument must be the most skilled player, provided always the pupil is capable of receiving such instruction. Deputies would not be allowed when those English masters taught, nor would they in the case of first-class musicians.

People may, and no doubt for ever will,

cavil at the Royal Academy. But figure painters in oil, *as a rule*, and sculptors, architects and engravers, have so far nothing to complain of; for with few exceptions the best artists in these departments have belonged to the Royal Academy.

The galaxy of names since the great President's time will answer all cavils on this head. Landscape artists of course have not fared so well, and this after all is our national art. In figure, both in painting and sculpture, we have been excelled by foreign nations, but in landscape we have reigned supreme, and in water-colours we have not even had competitors. Mr. Crane at the Art Congress speaks of design being the Cinderella of England's art;—not so; the water-colour is the true Cinderella, for it has been England's most ORIGINAL art, and has had no benefits from the great ones, but on the contrary has been self-supporting, modest and uncomplaining.

The limits of this short paper will not

permit me to enter a field which of all others has produced most repeats and most plagiarisms—I mean that of design in every department. Painters and sculptors of the first rank, as I have shewn, have always appreciated and imitated the gifted artists of ancient times, and in our own day painters, chiefly English, have by force of their individuality, as in the case of Turner and many of our water-colour painters of landscape, added much to what was done before. But what shall we say to architecture and design in all their branches? The artists have not only added nothing of value to the great models, but when a work is successful it is either a direct copy or at least such an *adaptation* that the merit of the work rests entirely on the original. What is added to smother the true art is sometimes called *original*, whereas it is almost without exception puerile and grotesque. We see buildings of vast size and often it is true of grand effect, especially

under nature's pictorial treatment, and which in point of scientific construction and splendid workmanship in stone, brick, metals, and marbles cannot be surpassed ; but with the almost invariable drawback, the designs in mass and in detail are hopelessly behind the scientific workmanship. In a word it seems to be that unless the artistic features are almost wholly *stolen* from the past masters, in this particular the work is worthless. The proof of the absence of artistic taste in most of our modern designers may be found in the wholesale distinction of the beautiful ornamentation in the houses of the eighteenth century, and which until recently was a feature of London. If taste is so refined now-a-days "with a' their colleges and schools," as Burns has it, why are our nerves to be so disturbed by the presence of the vile so-called artistic furniture and fittings, which so flauntingly usurp in most of those Georgian houses, and other homes of the sacred art ?

The painter, however, is not so enthralled as the artists in design, for an original painter is by no means so rare as a "true" artist in design or architecture. A master in these branches is the rarest of all. Of course an artist in one department of art is often challenged by the so-called professional as to his knowledge in another department. His knowledge of technique and terms is questioned ; but can a sound man, say in landscape, not appreciate a portrait by Rembrandt or Sir Joshua because he is not a portrait painter? Can a man of true artistic instincts not appreciate what is beautiful in form and harmonious in colour because he has not been apprenticed to a certain department of art? On that principle our best poets and painters had no business to sing or paint without having gone through a set curriculum of prescription ! I fancy somehow the true appreciation of the Greek art as to form, and of the Persian art as to colour, is not alone for the dealers in or

adapters of them. The man of true artistic instincts feels at once the vibrations which thrill through every fibre of the living art !

Mr. Crane's Cinderella then as to design must I fear take a back seat on the coach and six, while the English landscape art rides inside.

In conclusion, I would say let us continue our repeats and plagiarisms when the works are precious; and study deeply and assimilate all that is excellent in those of gifted men. In Sir Joshua's words, "To bring us entirely to reason and sobriety, let it be observed that a painter must not only be of necessity an imitator of the works of nature, which alone is sufficient to dispel this phantom of inspiration, but he must be as necessarily an imitator of the works of *other* painters : this appears more humiliating, but is equally true; and no man can be an artist, whatever he may suppose, upon any other terms."





A

BIBLIOGRAPHY

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y^e Paryshe of Saynt Giles in y^e Fields
in Londonne.

"Books that can be held in the hand, and carried to the fire-
side, are the best, after all."—*Samuel Johnson.*

"The writings of the wise are the only riches our posterity
cannot squander."—*Charles Lamb.*

I.

B. O.

A Biographical and Bibliographical Fragment. 22 Pages.
Presented on November the 5th, 1880, by His Oddship
C. W. H. WYMAN. 1st Edition limited to 25 copies.
(Subsequently enlarged to 50 copies.)

II.

Glossographia Anglicana.

By the late J. TROTTER BROCKETT, F.S.A., London and New-
castle, author of "Glossary of North Country Words,"
to which is prefixed a Biographical Sketch of the Author
by FREDERICK BLOOMER. (pp. 94.) Presented on July
the 7th, 1882, by His Oddship BERNARD QUARITCH.
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Bibliography of Odd Volumes.

III. *Ye Boke of Ye Odd Volumes*

from 1878 to 1883. Carefvly *Compiled* and painsfvly *Edited* by y^e vnworthy *Historiographer* to y^e Sette, *Brother* and *Vice-President* WILLIAM MORT THOMPSON, and produced by y^e order and at y^e charges of Hys Oddship y^e President and Librarian of y^e Sette, Bro. BERNARD QUARITCH. (pp. 136.) Presented on April the 13th, 1883, by His Oddship BERNARD QUARITCH.

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